

KATE CLYDE

Writes Entertainingly From Southampton, N. Y., and Finds Time to Say a Few Words About Fashions

SAILING as a pastime is much overrated. At least I feel that way. I have just come in from five solid hours spent on the water and the usual thing happened—we were becalmed. I don't know what seems to be the trouble with me, but that is the effect I invariably have on the wind. No matter what sort of a bounding gale we have at the start, within an hour by the clock we are sure to be fixed immovably between two points of land and able to reach neither, while a hot, glassy sea stretches before our aching sight. Oh, give me a boat with an auxiliary engine or else no boat at all! Well I remember one fatal Sunday when we were becalmed in this fashion without a single thing to eat on board, and then when the wind sprang up it was adverse to the current—you know what I mean or perhaps you don't, but anyway in this case we tacked in front of a certain clubhouse no fewer than seventeen times. Oh, sorrow! I can

tumes I have seen was worn here last Friday. It was of white linen, the skirt kilted with a panel of deep blue embroidery down the front. The coat was a loose sack affair, three-quarters in length, finished with a belt of blue leather. The cuffs were very deep and irregular and covered with the embroidery, which also appeared here and there on the body of the coat. The buttons were of pearl and silver. By the way, speaking of buttons, especially the fancy ones which are worn so much on wash suits this year, I want to tell you that it is a waste of time to sew them on after each washing. Make little loops on the place where the button goes, and through these you can fasten the button by means of a metal fastener. These cost 10 cents a boxful and are very useful, I can tell you.

But a costume like the one described above, while pretty, is really not practical, for there is no warmth in the unlined cotton coat, and it loses its

books which are worthy of having opinions written about them!

Travel Without Traveling Expenses. Yesterday a girl showed me another kind of a blank book. It contained photographs of her taken in the different countries she had visited—she is a confirmed traveler. There was actually one of her in an Arab tent, another in a Turkish harem, one in the frozen north, clad in furs on a high peaked cap, still another on top of Mont Blanc. Truly an interesting collection, showing her in every clime. But, oh! I am told there is a photographer on Broadway who will do the same "stunt" for one at quite a reasonable cost, considering all the scenery needed. But even that is nothing compared to the traveling expenses one is saved.

From Paris comes an interesting story of the man, the woman and the cigarette. A certain millionaire had

FOR A GOOD COMPLEXION.

One of the most important influences in keeping the complexion pure in summer is the diet. Little meat and pastry should be eaten. Fruits, vegetables, fresh fish and eggs ought to be the food of everybody who values a clear complexion.

Milk is a useful addition when it agrees with one, but coffee should be very rarely taken, as it tends to make the skin sallow. The custom of drinking rather weak tea for breakfast is a good one and is a considerable help to the complexion.

The care necessary in bathing the face cannot be insisted upon too strongly. Soap should be used rarely, a bran or oatmeal bag serving the same purpose much better.

It is wise to have a piece of lemon on your dressing table in summer. The

The Old Sorosis Club

And Its New President

AT the last election of Sorosis this mother of women's clubs honored itself by choosing for president one of its original charter members of the year 1883, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour. Mrs. Wilbour was also the first president of Sorosis elected by ballot. But when she again became president this year of grace 1903 old time Sorosians said: "Now we shall not get into ruts. Now we've got new, fresh blood to the fore in our leader." That is the kind of woman Charlotte B. Wilbour is.

Old Sorosians claim that their sisterhood is the first woman's club ever organized. The New England Woman's club makes the same claim.

"It was this way," an original Sorosian tells me: "Our club is the first one exclusively of women. The New England club was started near the same time, possibly a little before, but it let men in as complementary members."

"Complimentary or complementary? Which way do you spell it?"

"I mean 'complementary'—man as the complement of woman. That was the idea. But in Sorosis women went it alone from the start."

Mrs. Wilbour, the new president, who

matter of choosing a name for the club. "I would like a name from the plant kingdom. I suppose that won't be unwomanly," Mrs. Wilbour had said with a touch of fine feminine sarcasm when she suggested "Sorosis."



Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour.

December of that year the organization was incorporated.

The famous Sorosis membership pledge, so impressive in its promise of tenderness, fidelity and helpfulness from woman to woman, was written by Charlotte B. Wilbour.



WHITE SERGE BOATING COSTUME, WITH BIAS BANDS OF WHITE TAFFETA.

won a large sum at Monte Carlo and he was returning by train with it. In the coach which he entered there was a young, smartly dressed and evidently refined little woman. After a time she took out a jeweled case and naively offered him a cigarette, saying with an apologetic smile, "I cannot smoke alone, monsieur." The millionaire accepted with gallantry, began smoking, almost immediately became drowsy and lost consciousness. When he "came to" the dainty lady of the cigarettes had vanished—also the large sum of money.

Moral: "Well, it seems there are several. Juice left in used lemons can be utilized and is an excellent defense against freckles and tan if rubbed on the face just before going to bed. It is a good plan to take a packet of borax when going into the country, as the water is often hard. Either borax or ammonia will soften it. Some people seem to think that "if a little is good a great deal is better" and add ammonia in such quantities to the water that it becomes irritating to the skin. Too much borax has a drying effect that is equally bad. It is well to remember, however, that the face is not to be bathed directly after exposure to the sun's rays. Water should never be applied for some hours after.

Kate Clyde
Southampton, N. Y.

BOXING THE BRIDE'S EAR.

In Brittany a curious marriage custom exists among the peasants. As soon as the fatal knot is tied the bridegroom gives the bride a smart box on the ear, saying: "See, that is how it feels when you displease me!" After this ungallant proceeding he kisses her tenderly, saying: "And this is how it feels when you treat me well!"



COSTUME OF PINK FOULARD, WITH FEATHERBONED WAIST, INSERTIONS OF BLACK CHANTILLY.

was president more than a generation ago, is a delightful talker, and she told me when, why and how Sorosis started. It is recorded in the archives of women's clubs that Sorosis grew out of the slight to women at the time the newspaper fraternity of New York city gave a banquet to Charles Dickens.

It is one of man's amiable weaknesses to think chiefly of himself when dinner is concerned, and so not a newspaper woman was invited to the Dickens feast, though there were women journalists able and distinguished in those days. There were Fanny Fern, Jennie June, Kate Field, Lucia Gilbert, Ririe and June G. Swisheim, among others. Jennie June was a journalist's wife as well. Charlotte B. Wilbour, one of her intimate friends, was also a journalist's wife. Jennie June and Mrs. Wilbour belonged to an informal coterie of men and women friends who used to meet socially in a delightful way. They were mostly married folk.

Soon after the Dickens dinner Mrs. Wilbour gave a valentine party to the coterie, in 1883. She said it was stupid to leave all valentine observations to mere boys and girls. So there was a party, not altogether sedate and solemn, either, of these married friends. At that gathering the ladies expressed strongly their sense of the slight that had been put upon newspaper women at the Dickens banquet. It is only due to man to say that several of the husbands present sympathized warmly with the ladies. Finally one of these mere men—Mr. Otterson—struck the keynote of much music of the future with the remark, emphatic and strong, "Women ought to have a club of their own."

Was it thus mere man, after all, who originally suggested women's clubs? So said, so done. In March the club was organized. The question of a name was sat up nights with and Sorosis, finally chosen, was the suggestion of Mrs. Wilbour.

"I wanted," she says in explanation, "to find a name that would not suggest any particular aim or work, like a temperance society or sewing circle or mothers' meeting. A majority among us were young married women with little children. There were not flats to live in then as there are now, and we each had our own house and a load of family cares. We thought it would be good and restful to get together by ourselves in the middle of the day and greet one another and eat and drink what we ourselves had had no hand in preparing. We considered ourselves business together for good work, but first of all to be helpful to ourselves."

The advice and co-operation of husbands were not scorned in the solemn

The pledge which every new member repeats on her initiation and which the other members repeat with her is this: I give my name to Sorosis to keep sacredly.

I give my interest to Sorosis to make it worthy of support.

I pledge myself to sustain the members of Sorosis in all worthy efforts, and I will defend them against calumny.

I will avoid doing anything that will injure the reputation of Sorosis.

I will be a member of Sorosis as long as I can be useful to and receive benefit from the association.

After the pledge was adopted as that of the club, Charlotte Wilbour said to her sister club women:

"Now, remember we've got to move forward together."

She saw with the clear vision of a lover of her own sex that what they most needed thirty-five years ago was what they most need today—for women to stand by one another and uphold one another against the world.

Illustrious names and splendid women Sorosis had among its first members. There were Alice and Phoebe Cary, Fanny Fern, Celia Burleigh, Lilly M. Spencer and others known to art and literature. Phoebe Cary was chairman of Sorosis' executive committee in the club's first years. Alice Cary served as its president before its incorporation. Emma Willard, pioneer in America of the higher education of women, was its first honorary member.

Fanny Fern was Sorosis' first vice president. She herself knew her very well, as likewise her famous brother, N. P. Willis. Fanny Fern was a lady of the nervous temperament, with a pleasant, rather florid face. She was at that time a gay widow, witty, brilliant and dashing, fond of society and a very attractive member thereof.

Once more Charlotte Wilbour says to her sister Sorosians, "We've got to move forward together." She hopes and expects that the old club will take active and direct part in the world's work, educational, philanthropic and social. She herself has wide experience of the world. Twenty-seven years she lived in Paris—that is, except in winter. Mr. Wilbour was an Egyptologist. When the cold weather came he hid himself to the land of sphinx and pyramids, his wife with him. Fourteen winters Mrs. Wilbour spent in a desolate, or Nile houseboat, sailing at will up and down the great river. She also lived awhile in Italy.

Mrs. Wilbour is a New England woman. Her strong, logical, liberal thought marches with the thought of all those who believe in and work for the betterment of the race. In electing her president Sorosis has taken a step in advance.

ELIZABETH LEE.

Just Common Good Manners

A CERTAIN young man who sells his wares in a tiny shop is an independent American citizen, and as such wishes to be treated on every corner that he is "as good as anybody and a little bit better." Usually he sends home customers' purchases. Sometimes it is not convenient to do this. Then his royal highness refuses to make any concession. A customer asks if he cannot send her some cream, later, after his rush hour. He says:

"No, I won't send nothin' to nobody. You can take the cream or leave it, just as you please."

"There's the cream, I say, and you can take it or leave it, just as you like, and I don't want no more argument about it."

The customer, used to being treated with courtesy, goes out and never enters the place again. The young man pats himself over the chest, looks into his little mirror and says to himself, "I'll let these yer people know I'm as good as they are."

If he had told the lady in a decent, courteous manner that he could not grant her request that time, no harm would have been done. But he was simply a coarse, ignorant, conceited, ungrammatical boor, filling a post where kindness and gentlemanly manners are perpetually called for.

Worst of all, he absolutely prided himself on his unwhipped boorishness.

Then there is perhaps the woman who takes in orders for work at her home. A stranger calls on her. She answers the lady's inquiry thus:

"I don't work for nobody but my own customers and folks my customers recommends. And I can't take no more work now for the next six weeks."

And she slams the door in the lady's face to emphasize her opinion that she, too, is an independent American citizen, "as good as anybody and a little bit better." And she, too—heaven send her better light and knowledge!—is only a coarse, ignorant, conceited boor and does not know it.

It is sheer dumb brute ignorance in both the man and woman. Both these citizens mistake rudeness and bad manners for a manifestation of their independence. They have no conception that the very first element of real gentleness or ladyhood is habitual courtesy to every creature. They will have to get many and many a hard knock and much hard luck before they have it pounded into their skulls that every human being owes to every other the debt of common civility. And we may be sure they will get the hard knocks and the hard luck both in heaped-up measure. Crass ignorance must be illuminated, even if it takes dynamite to accomplish the enlightenment.

It is largely the fault of mothers that such deplorable rudeness, such lack of just plain, common good manners, is so often encountered. They have not trained their children to practice habitually politeness and courtesy. They many a time let their boys grow to manhood untamed cubs, their girls to womanhood with the impulses of spite and selfishness and vanity all unrestrained. Did you ever think that the uncurbed, underbred human animal is the most repellent of all creatures, worse even than the dumb brutes because his superior brain gives him so many more ways of being offensive?

We, the citizens of the vaunted great republic of the world, are this day in our general deportment below the Japanese. The rudeness and boorishness to one another of individuals in western nations are never found among that fine little oriental people. The Japanese laborer in the rice fields is as polite alike to his mates and to the stranger as an American gentleman is to another. Maybe he gets drunk on sake and fights like a fiend now and then, but apart from this in all his association with his fellow creatures he is characterized by the exquisite courtesy and kindness that western peoples might well imitate.

The animalish manners which are blemishes among other nations are unpardonable in citizens of the great republic. It is the part of American women to correct our rudeness and boorishness. They can do it effectually and they are the only ones who can. One point, too, might be borne in mind: Bad manners and bad grammar frequently go together. Let us look after both among our children.

JANE MOSES.

WHAT THE TALMUD SAYS ABOUT WOMEN.

The Jewish Talmud has these sentences about women: "A good wife is heaven's noblest gift. A housewife never allows herself to be disturbed from her work; even while conversing she is busily spinning. An old, experienced woman in a household is an ornament to it. He who lives in an unmarried state knows no joys, none of the blessings of home and is without support. The man who stands at the deathbed of his wife feels like those who saw the temple of Jerusalem reduced to ashes, for the wife is the temple in which each man finds repose and quiet, where he rests after the labors of the day, and where he can give expression to his feelings, joyful and mournful. God has given to woman more ability of judging correctly than a man."

PRETTY WHITE COSTUME.

One of the new skirt models in white linen has the pointed yoke top made of all over Irish embroidery. Below this yoke are graduated box plaits with embroidered panels between each two. Accompanying this skirt are a white net blouse lined with white silk mull, and a bolero of embroidered linen finished with a narrow edge of Irish guir. The open sleeves of this jacket end at the elbow, showing the full, drooping sleeves of the net blouse below.

GOOD TASTE IN GLOVES.

Comparatively few wash kid and chamou gloves are seen, silk or lisle being much more popular. The white silk gloves are especially pretty, many of them having embroidered backs and lace edgings at the wrist.

WHAT WOMEN ARE ABOUT.

Thin women desiring to gain flesh should sleep as much as possible. A nap after the midday meal is recommended.

Don't think a child can have bright-

the Mantchoo, or ruling, class, has been giving a course of lectures before the Chicago Fortnightly club on Chinese literature, art, customs and women. Dr. Kin is a graduate of the Woman's Medical college of New York.

Eight young women have been ex-

amined for the profession of librarians at Berlin. This is the first case in which women have prepared themselves for this work in Germany.

Silk gloves are worn with dressy tol-

ganizer of clubs for the National American Woman Suffrage association, is business manager of the Club Woman, whose publication office has been changed to New York city.

Eva Hoover, a fourteen-year-old girl of Haverhill, Mass., saved the lives of

two small children by throwing a blazing oil stove out of the window at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Scannell and then picking up the two little daughters of the house and carrying them into the yard.

She—It seems almost impossible that

you should love me. He—That's what my mother says. How nicely you and she will get along if you always agree like that!

Why should a man who marries an heiress be a lover of music? Because he marries for—tune.



WAIST OF EMBROIDERED LAWN, WITH BEAD COLLAR AND ELBOW SLEEVES.

still see that clubhouse in my mind's eye, with its piazza full of men all regarding us with the utmost consideration. Do you know, I think one of the torments of ladies will be passing in front of a clubhouse with a fair in shouting distance and being unable to be reached.

A Shirt Waist Suit Model.

In the cut you will see one of the most approved shirt waist suit models, which also gives the latest skirt model for white linen or pique.



Up to date shirt waist.

around the hips is glove fitting.

I notice that white canvas shoes are being much used this summer, but, alas, they are only intended for women with small feet! I shall not forget for some time the spectacle presented by a girl with No. 7s who stumped across the piazza wearing a pair of these magnifiers. You saw the feet first and then—after some time—the girl.

The best kind of shoe for the girl blessed with sensible feet is the patent leather colonial, for it certainly ap-

"I cannot smoke alone, monsieur."



Gown of white lawn.

Among the stationery novelties to take away with one for the summer are blank books bound just like an ordinary novel and bearing the title "Books I Have Read." Of course it is intended that you chronicle in this your criticism of the books you read. But in my opinion there are precious few modern

A Yachting Costume.

One of the prettiest yachting cos-

Thin women desiring to gain flesh should sleep as much as possible. A nap after the midday meal is recommended.

Don't think a child can have bright-